Villanelle.

FREDERICK W. CARROLL, '12.

On silent wings the years are flown,
Like spectral shadows gliding past,
Bright hours of hope our youth has known.

How quick they flew! Like seedlings blown
Afar, before the Autumn blast—
On silent wings the years are flown.

The lessons that were early sown
Within us, live unto the last:
Bright hours of hope our youth has known.

Adrift upon life’s sea alone,
Our destiny the gods forecast:
On silent wings the years are flown.

We glean new harvests for our own
From golden moments fleeting fast—
Bright hours of hope our youth has known.

Each moment leaves us deeper thrown
Beneath Time’s billows wide and vast:
On silent wings the years are flown
Bright hours of hope our youth has known.

St. Francis of Assisi, Poet.*

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, LITT. B.

(CONCLUSION)

Those who are familiar with the life of St. Francis know that his great work was that of a teacher. His was not book-knowledge, it was that which he obtained from an intense study of nature. He taught mainly by preaching. The incidents of his life, principally those in which flowers and animals were concerned, he used as examples in his teaching. “The poet,” said Wordsworth, “is a prophet and a seer. His business is to teach men to see and to feel.” Plato also declares that the poet must teach. Perhaps it is in the rôle of a seer, more than in any other capacity, that Christ and King David were poets. Their great missions were “to teach men to see and to feel.” The mission of Francis was the same. In all his sayings and in his writings, he taught. How beautiful and yet how full of meaning is this: “A single sunbeam is enough to drive away many shadows.” There is fine imagery, and the application is so plain that it was understood by the most unlettered. Truly he was a poet of simplicity.

On one occasion Francis was making a journey when he saw a single little lamb humbly feeding in the midst of a flock of goats. Immediately his poetic mind beheld Christ among the Pharisees and High Priests. A merchant who chanced by bought the lamb for him, and he led it into the next town. When it came time to preach he used the “lamb among the goats” as a text, and so set forth the divine story of Christ, by means of this living type, that every heart was moved. Such happenings as these might be told without number, but enough have been related to show us the sympathy that Francis had for all things in nature, and that he used the little incidents of his life as texts for his sermons.

Francis’ love for song and verse had not disappeared. He loved to chant the divine praises, and often did so in the company of birds. The old Troubadour spirit, now etherealized, often awoke within him a desire to sing. His companions relate that they had seen him select two bits of wood, and that “accompanying himself with this rustic violin, he would improvise French songs in which he would pour out the abundance of his heart.” Sabatier, a French Protestant biographer, says

* The Meehan prize essay.
that when Francis was at St. Damien he built him a cell in which he lived, and that often the Brothers heard the echoes of song coming from his cell. It would have been inconsistent with Francis' nature had he outgrown that passion for excess of music that had such mastery over him before his renunciation of the worldly things of life. "It is impossible," says Mrs. Oliphant, "to think that it was for the first time at that late date—when he composed his song of creation—that he had woven together canticles for the glory of God."

It is very probable that he composed many beautiful hymns. He saw so many of those things in nature that carry the soul of the real poet to the very heights of sublimity, and there draw from him, as from a great organ, the most delicate tones of expression, and weave themselves into the choicest songs. The poet can not contain "the thoughts that arise in him;" his nature is too full of melody not to overflow; he can no more restrain his song than can the skylark, who

Poorest his full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

The poet must sing; it is his life. And so we conclude that Francis must have sung, not only when he wrote his great poem, but often during his life... Here we must take cognizance of a fact that will help us much in any criticism we might wish to make of St. Francis' poetry. St. Francis was the first man to compose verse in Italian. To-day we regard the sweet Italian tongue as especially the language of song. Before the time of Francis it was the rough dialect of the peasant, which no one thought worthy the dignity of versification. This fact gives to Francis the title, "Father of Italian Poetry." And when we consider what Italian poetry stands for in the world of literature, we understand better the dignity of this title. It places a value on Francis' work that everyone must recognize. When the Italian people heard these first poems sung, they were amazed and delighted at the sweetness of their language.

Many poems have been attributed to St. Francis, but their authenticity is for the most part very doubtful. Mrs. Oliphant, who is recognized as having made a very close study of Francis, says that there is one, however, that is so full of the spirit of adoration, and represents a soul so rapt in the love of God, that it seems to vouch for itself. The story of this lyric is that of a struggle which took place between Christ and his soul. No doubt, it refers to that great event in the life of St. Francis, when he was miraculously marked with the wounds of the crucified Christ. This took place about one year before his death. The song, for such it undoubtedly is, was written with a refrain, as was the custom among the poets of Francis' time. Austin O'Malley says that a poem sings with a bad accent in any language but its own; but as we are obliged to consider the poems of Francis through translation, we can not but choose Mrs. Oliphant's English rendition of this poem as one of the best. She has endeavored to reproduce the exact rhythm in which the original was written, and has succeeded excellently. If the poem has lost value in losing the Italian idiom and expression, it has not lost in thought and poetic imagery. In some few places the translator has been obliged to give us bad inversions in order to retain the rhythm, as when she says: "He me threw," but if the poems in its original excels the translation, we must conclude that it is a masterly piece of work. It begins with the refrain,

Love sets my heart on fire;
Love sets my heart on fire.

How like St. Francis this is. Love was his life and being, love for God and man and all creation. We can well imagine him repeating this line, not for poetical effect, but through very excess of love. In the second stanza the conflict begins:

Love sets my heart on fire,
Love of my Bridegroom new:
Love's lamb my thoughts inspire,
As on the ring he drew.
Then in a prison dire,
Sore wounded, he me threw:
My heart breaks with desire,
Love sets my heart on fire.

This stanza, though not the best, is filled with fine imagery. Here he speaks of Christ as the Bridegroom of his soul, and perfects his figure by the mystic marriage ring. Then after the union is completed, he shows in a strong line the intensity of his soul's love and its uncontrollable desire to be united with Christ. The attack of Christ on the soul is pictured in the next two stanzas:

My heart is cleft in twain;
On earth my body lies,
The arrow of this pain
From Love's own crossbow flies,
Piercing my heart in twain.
Of sweetness my soul dies.
For peace comes war again.
Love sets my heart on fire.

I die of sweetest woe;
Wonde not at my fate:
The lance which gives the blow
Is love immaculate.

A hundred arm's-length, know,
So long and wide the blade,
Has pierced me at a blow.
Love sets my heart on fire.

In the first of these two fine stanzas the figure of the "arrow of pain" shot from the "crossbow of love" is used. Here he probably speaks of the demands of sacrifice which Christ makes upon his soul. In this too we may believe that he speaks of the transmittal of Christ's sufferings to him. What fine expression is this: he suffers, "my heart is cleft in twain; and so happy is he to suffer that "of sweetness my soul dies." Leaving the metaphor of the bow and arrow he turns to that of the lance in the last stanza quoted. The first line contains one of those fine combinations of words, almost contradictory in sense, that are truly exalted, "Sweetest woe." Such expressions show a highly developed poetic genius informed by the emotion of a saint. In order that the reader may better understand the comments which will be made upon this really authentic poem of St. Francis, the "Song of Creatures" will be quoted. The translation of Mrs. Oliphant is chosen in preference to others because, as before, she attempts an exact English reproduction of the rhyme and meter:

Highest omnipotent good Lord,
Glory and honor to Thy name adored,
And praise and every blessing.
Of everything Thou art the source.
No man is worthy to pronounce Thy name.

Praised by His creatures all,
Praised be the Lord my God,
By Messer* Sun, my brother above all.
Who by his rays lights us and lights the day—
Radiant is she, with his great splendor stored, 'Thy glory, Lord, confessing.
By Sister Moon and Stars my Lord is praised.
Where clear and fair they in the heavens are raised.

By Brother Wind, my Lord, Thy praise is said.
By air and clouds and the blue sky o'erhead,
By which Thy creatures all are kept and fed.

Praised by one most humble, useful, precious, chaste,
By Sister Water, O my Lord, Thou art praised.

And praised is my Lord
By Brother Fire—he who lights up the night.
Jocund, robust is he, and strong and bright.

Praised art Thou, my Lord, by Mother Earth—
Thou who sustainest her, and governest,
And to her flowers, fruits, herbs, dost color give and birth.

The first thing that must strike the reader is the almost childish simplicity in the construc-

* Mrs. Oliphant has here kept the Italian word, which is best translated Master.
tion of this poem. It reminds one of the Te Deum, or of a litany, in its repeated praises. But this extreme simplicity, which appears to some as a fault, becomes a virtue when we consider that this is a song written to be sung to the simplest peasants. The style is very unlike that of the other poem quoted; indeed so different that we would be led to doubt the probability that Francis wrote “The Conflict,” were it not that we know him to have been capable of the finest expression. As it is, the diversity between the two, each excelling in a different manner but shows the versatility of his talent. If the song of the conflict exhibits Francis as the master of expression, the “Canticle of the Sun” reveals him to us so ecstatic in his love for God, and so grateful for God’s gifts that he must allow his feelings to overflow in the language that comes readiest to him.

This last poem is by no means perfect in mechanical structure. But “there is a curious, irregular cadence about it, a rhyme coming here and there in a wildly accidental way, which is not without a certain sweetness.” The language has the necessary simplicity of an idiom that is just being formed. As has been said, Francis was the first to exalt the Italian tongue to verse. Consequently, the rhythm shows the imperfection of a poetry that was as yet undeveloped. In places we notice that rhyme is wanting and that there is a simple assonance, which reveals to the student a beginning in the moulding of a language to fit poetical composition. It is more a lyrical cry than a finished poem; yet so dignified is its theme that Renan, the rationalistic historian, says it can only be appreciated by comparing it to the old Hebrew psalms, beside which it is worthy to be placed.

Leaving aside the question of style, let us look to the other requisites for poetry as given by Matthew Arnold, matter and substance. “The matter and substance of poetry,” he says, “acquire their special character from possessing in an eminent degree truth and seriousness.” In this, Arnold voices the opinion of Aristotle, who gives σοφία which is best translated by the words “seriousness” or “earnestness”—as one of the grand virtues of poetry. Aristotle divides literature into history and poetry, and states that the superiority of poetry over history consists in its possessing a higher truth and a higher seriousness.

These artless and irregular verses of Francis possess this requisite truth and seriousness. Francis saw deeply into things, and viewed them with an eminent earnestness. The theme of the “Canticle of the Sun” is Franciscan in its conception: we might consider it a summary of his philosophy. That idea of the brotherhood of all created things which so completely mastered him, is carried almost to excess. He sees good in all things: again that “inexhaustible fount of sympathy.” He almost sees a desire on the part of inanimate creatures to be virtuous, calling water his sister, “humble and chaste.” We find, however, one departure from this brotherhood of creatures. Realizing the over-importance of the earth, in that all creatures are in some way connected with her, and her apparent motherhood to flowers, fruits and herbs, Francis calls her “Mother Earth.” This is, as far as we can find, the only instance in which he uses such an expression.

Although the most notable quality of this poem is simplicity, we must not conclude that it is destitute of all fine expression and figure. Speaking of the day, and the sun’s effect upon her, he says:

Radiant is she, with his great splendor stored,
Thy glory Lord, confessing.

Here the abstract thing “day” is clothed with an intellectual power, that of “confessing.” This style of figure is eminently poetic, and has been used repeatedly by the best writers. It is a figure that comes only from a developed imagination. Again he calls his Brother Fire “jocund” and “robust” which are very significant terms. Not long after Francis composed the “Canticle of the Sun,” he was grieved to hear that the peace of his old home, Assisi, the town that he loved so dearly, was broken by a quarrel between the temporal and ecclesiastical authorities that resided there. The magistrates had acted so wrongfully that the bishop had placed the town under an interdict. In revenge they had outlawed the bishop. Francis was deeply affected, and desired to put an end to the trouble. Being too weak to travel to Assisi, he bethought him of his song as a weapon. Composing another verse to the “Song of Creatures,” he sent his brethren to sing this canticle in that old town where he had so often sung as a Troubadour. The added stanza is here set down:

And praised is my Lord
By those who, for Thy love, can pardon give,
And bear the weakness and the wrongs of men.  
Blessed are those who suffer thus in peace,  
By Thee, the Highest, to be crowned in heaven.

The results of this message of charity and peace were shown by an immediate cessation of strife. The victory was complete. Once again did Francis add to this poem and that was when he neared death. He had grown very weak from exhausting labors, his body was consumed by fevers, and his eyesight almost gone, when he learned in a vision the day on which he was to die. Overjoyed he composed another strophe, full of sweet resignation and love. This was his last verse:

Praised by our Sister Death, my Lord, art Thou,  
From whom no living man escapes.  
Who die in mortal sin have mortal woe;  
But blessed they who die doing Thy will,—  
The second death can strike at them no blow.

Praises, and thanks, and blessing to my Master be:  
Serve ye Him all, with great humility.

This stanza needs no comment. It is a fitting expression of all Francis' hope in a future life and of the consummation of his love for creatures, when he could with eminent truth and earnestness call death his "sister." Austin O'Malley, commenting on these words of Francis, says: "There is no beauty so deep, so sweet, as the beauty of death. We do not understand; we dread in our childishness the kiss of God through the dark." Francis did understand: he saw the beauty in death, because his soul was pure enough and his eyesight clear enough to see beyond the veil of time.

Much might be said about Francis' Rule and his Will. They breathe throughout the spirit of charity and love for all things that we have considered as the greatest factor in the temperament of our poet. This essay, however, grows too long.

We have claimed for St. Francis the title "poet." Have we asked too much? A poet—if we take Shakespeare or Dante as standards, to whose stature one must measure up to receive that title—he was not. But a poet in the sense that Christ was a poet, in the sense that the Psalmist was a poet, in the sense that he understood nature and loved it as few men have understood and loved it, he surely was. He went beyond King David in the form and structure of his work, for he expressed his sublime conceptions in verse. Too much consideration can not be given to Francis in the rôle of first Italian poet. Matthew Arnold speaks in words that are freighted with truth and argument, "Prose could not satisfy this ardent soul and he made poetry. Latin was too learned for this simple, popular nature, and he composed in his mother tongue, Italian. His were the humble upper waters or a mighty stream; at the beginning of the thirteenth century it is St. Francis; at the end, Dante.'" Nearly all the commentators on St. Francis insist on this influence which he exercised over the development of Italian literature. Görres, the German historian, says, "Without St. Francis at the beginning of the thirteenth century, there would have been no Dante at the end." These statements may be taken as the fervent speech of admirers; but one thing is assured: Francis first exemplified that "the rude vulgar tongue" possessed the qualifications for poetic expression. From that time Italian literature advanced as no other literature ever has, reaching perfection, not as that of other nations, only after centuries of slow development, but as it were by a bound. Sixty years after Francis wrote, Dante gave to the world his master-works. Dante, Bossuet, Giotto, Perugino, Arnold and George Elliott, have all laid their homage at his feet. Dante has immortalized him in the second Canto of "Il Paradiso," in which he speaks of the mystic marriage that took place between Francis and Lady Poverty.

This is a time of Francis' cult. People see in him one of the grand figures of history. We might call him the man of love, song and sacrifice. Loving wealth, he forsook his riches for God; passionately fond of music, he placed aside all mundane song that he might attune the cold and unsympathetic world to the minstrelsy of heaven; loving the pleasures of earth, he withdrew from them to find more perfect joys in the contemplation of God and nature. In the words of Thomas of Celano, he was mente serenus, dulcis in moribus, and gratiosis in omnibus. Majestic in his simplicity, lovable in his unaffectedness, he is one of the most attractive men that have ever lived. He gazed through the manifestations of nature into the very face of the Almighty. His feet trod in the lowliest paths, but his "forehead was among the stars." He was not of the world, and yet no man ever lived who had a more profound sympathy for the most humble of God's creatures. He was a seer and a prophet,
Visiting the Sick.

C. L.

"How is he?"

"Fine. The Sister said we could call in to see him at recess."

This was the cheery information brought by Moon the next morning. He had been specially delegated to secure first facts from headquarters. Everybody felt happy, and Joe McDermott found his voice.

"Say, fellows, old Jim Moran who lives near us at home always says: 'It's too late to lock the stable door when the horse is stolen.'"

"Was his horse stolen?" asked Phil with assumed obtuseness.

"Nonsense! It's just a saying to illustrate something."

"I don't see any illustration in it. Do you, Moon?"

"Why, yes, there is; though of course you must think out the application."

"I don't see any application," persisted Phil.

"Well, but there is." Joe stood up, walked to his window and gathered thought from the snow-laden trees. Then he turned and faced Phil and Moon. They had a few minutes left before the gong sounded for Christian Doctrine. He meant to use it for their enlightenment.

"Now let us take the case of Berger yesterday—"

"But, Berger isn't a horse, Joe," broke in Phil.

"Of course not; it's just an example."

"But no example will make a horse out of Berger."

"Just wait a minute, will you? Now Berger, yesterday—"

"But Berger isn't a horse," persisted Phil.

"Well, Phil, you're the stupidest blockhead I ever ran up against. If you just wait one minute I'll show the whole thing. Now when Berger was on the ice yesterday he fell—"

"No, he didn't; we knocked him down," was Phil's correction.

"All right then. We knocked him down. Now when he was on the ice—"

"But the ice is no stable."

"Say, have you any manners?" Joe's white teeth fairly shone.

"I think so."

"It doesn't look that way. Well, anyhow, if we hadn't knocked down Berger—"

"Who isn't a horse," commented Phil—

"On the ice—"

"Which isn't a stable," laughed Moon.

"I know Phil has no manners, but you're supposed to have some. Well, to go on. If we hadn't knocked Berger on the ice, we'd,—we'd—have—a—"

"Well, go on." Phil and Moon were ready to collapse.

"Where was I?"

"In the stable."

"O you fellows have got me clean crazy. Get out." The two laughed till the tears came, and even Joe was half inclined to join them. Recess came. Moon, Phil, Joe and Donlan called on Fritz. That young man was in bed, but in other respects quite well.

"Fritz," began Phil when they were in the room, "I want to say for myself and the fellows that we're very sorry for what happened yesterday."

Fritz surveyed the group for a moment.

"You are, eh?"

"Yes, we are," they answered together.

"Well, you ought to be. That's just it in a nutshell,—you ought to be. Of course I know you are boys, and have no sense. I know Phil is a pin-head and Donlan is a nail-head and Joe has no head at all. After I am rested and get strong again on chicken and beefsteak I'll see each one of you separately in my office and give you some wholesome advice. Meantime all permissions are cut off till you hear from me. Understand?"

Yes, they understood and kept straight faces.

"But, your reverence," said Phil, "I need a pair of shoes."

"Mr. Donnelly, I said 'no.' That's final."

"And I, your reverence," pleaded Donlan, "expect a friend from home on the 2:45 train. I really must meet him."
“Your bulletin was very low last month. You'd better stay home and study.”

“But really—”

“That will do,” interrupted Berger, with a wave of the hand that meant an end to discussion.

Then Joe took his turn. “I have a date with the oculist for next Thursday. Can't I go.”

“'Can't I go?' I certainly admire your use of words. How often must I tell you that can implies power and may implies permission. However, you may not go.” Berger delivered this message in his grandest style and pretended to fall asleep. They watched him a little and then Joe broke the silence.

“Phil, I'm glad old Berger is asleep, for I want to say right now I consider him a big tub of lard.”

“Yes, and his big mushy head reminds me of a full-grown watermelon,” commented Phil.

“Don’t forget his feet. His big toe alone is the size of an ordinary foot.” This was Donlan’s contribution.

“Suppose he should hear you,” echoed Moon in a stage whisper.

“Hear us,” Joe became dramatic. “And he should hear me I’d tell him to his face he’s a gormand.”

“And he should hear me,” added Phil, “I’d tell him he’s a big heap of fat.”

“And I’d like to tell him, he’s a sack of meal, the gigantic snail.” Donlan exhausted his vocabulary with this last effort.

Fritz found it hard to simulate “sleep, gentle sleep” under such a trying ordeal. Frequently the smile played about his mouth but never stayed.

There was a slight knock and a Sister entered. The boys stood up. The Sister looked at them suspiciously for a moment, but even her trained eye could detect no traces of mischief. Phil’s face was as the face of St. Aloysius, and Joe looked as though he might have been weeping, while Donlan’s eyes were turned tenderly on his afflicted classmate who, strange to say, was wide awake now.”

“You have been saying the beads, I suppose?” questioned the Sister while waiting for the record of Fritz’s temperature.

No, they couldn’t affirm they had been saying the beads.

“Perhaps reading a chapter of the ‘Imitation?’” No, not exactly. The Sister read the little thermometer and was quite satisfied with Fritz’s condition. Just as she was leaving the room she said in a matter-of-fact manner:

“Your young friend is getting on very nicely. In fact he is well. I have no doubt he will be able to go to his classes to-morrow, so of course further visits will not be necessary.” She noticed Berger make a wry face which caused her to smile as she passed out.

“That’s a gentle hint to keep away I guess,” said Joe looking at Moon.

“Well, that’s what we get for raising a rumpus when we visit the sick,” was Moon’s rejoinder.

“Who raised a rumpus?” Joe looked daggers as he put the pointed question.

“Everybody generally, except Moon who said nothing and Berger who was trying to sleep,” Phil spoke up.

“And you’ve spoiled my fun too. Just think, I’ve got to pack to-morrow, when I’m beginning to like it. Well that’s my luck. Every time I strike it rich, some pin-head, like McDermott, rushes in and spoils everything.” Fritz was thoroughly disgusted at the idea of being well so soon.

“Well, Fritz,” was Phil’s sage remark, “it’s too late to lock the stable door when the horse is stolen.” At least that’s what Joe thinks. Guess we’d better be going, fellows.” Moon was the last to leave. He took Fritz’s hand in his.

“Say, Fritz, we’re awfully glad you weren’t hurt. We certainly showed no sense in tripping you up that way. Be sure nothing like it will ever happen again.”

Fritz knew that Moon had no hand in his fall, but he felt it was just like Moon to apologize.

“I know that, Moon. Everybody forgets, and makes mistakes once in a while. Sometimes I think we fool too much and don’t treat one another as we ought to. But then we have lots of fun and stick together. And while we have scraps here and there, we are always sure to become good friends again. And, after being good oneself, a good friend is the next best. That’s how I think. But you needn’t try to fool me, Moon, for I know well enough you had nothing to do with my toss on the ice.”

Moon didn’t answer at once. He was thinking long thoughts. Then a calm came over his face.

“Fritz, you’ll be all right to-morrow, and
then you’ll forget you ever were hurt. Sometimes I wish I could be well in that way; but I suppose I can’t. So it’s best to be resigned and not complain.”

Fritz placed his elbow on the pillow and supported his head on his hand. He looked at Moon thoughtfully and then spoke slowly as if he measured the meaning of every word.

“Moon, you’re not like the rest of us. We try to be right in our way. But you’re different. I notice you in church. You pray better and longer and God seems nearer to you. Moon, when you die you’ll go straight to heaven.”

Moon broke in on his eulogy: “Since you begin to preach my funeral sermon I’ll be off. Goodbye. Don’t waste time here but be around to-morrow.” He was gone. Fritz followed his receding footsteps along the hallway and down the stairway and out on the cement walk below his window, till he could no longer separate them from the other footfalls that came and went. And for long after, with hands clasped behind his head, he watched the ceiling and dreamed dreams of life and death, and among the faces that lingered and faded, filmy and indistinct, was the calm, sad face of Moon.

St. Dominic.

JAMES F. REDDING, ’10.

There are in the everyday life of this world certain things which hold men by their beauty in a peculiar bondage. This bondage is not in a way a menial bondage as in the case of slaves, but that which checks men’s actions, feelings and the like. These things draw men to them as the brilliance and beauty of a precious diamond draw men from gems of lesser beauty. The principal one of these things is sacrifice. This sacrifice is not the mere suspension of some pleasure for a short period of time in the certainty of an abundance in the near future; nor is it that which hides from us selfishness in such a way as to give to us only the knowledge of our own worth. No, it is not these things, but is simply the sacrifice of the few moving, compelling forces in the march of the earth’s people toward a loftier goal. It is, in a way, the cancelling of individuality and the surrendering of man’s common rights for the greater liberty of all men.

This virtue is not apparent in everyone. Then where are we to look for it? Is it in the world’s celebrities; in those men who by their wondrous and valorous deeds have fascinated the whole world and whose names have become immortal in history? Shall we go back to olden times and look to Alexander, or to the more recent period, and look to Napoleon for the exemplification of this virtue? No, it is not present here, and if it ever was present it wrought in its end more misery than good to the masses. If we should look to other walks of life, such as statesmen, would we find it there? No, simply a shameful selfishness would show itself: a selfishness ever thrust forward for glory. Again, should one look to the producers of the beautiful in art and literature in order to find an ideal who displays this virtue of sacrifice? It would be useless to look, for this same selfishness and love of fame and glory are uppermost in their minds. But it does exist, though it is hard to find. Nevertheless, it can be found, but only among a little group of the many that inhabit this world. Look among the wretched classes where the struggle is fiercest, where nothing but hardship and misery are present day after day. Look again among that class who devote their lives to the uplifting of their fellow creatures, who are ever ready to help the downtrodden in order that their lives may be raised to God. In this class there have always been champions who are continually striving to accomplish their ends, and in their endeavors undergo every hardship. In one of these champions this virtue was ever apparent. This champion was St. Dominic.

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries southern Europe underwent great changes in the matter of culture, art and wealth. In Italy this change was most apparent, but it had invaded all the southern part of the continent as well. Everything had been brought up to the highest standard yet reached. Even the life led by the nobility and aristocracy had become as ideal as that of the successful artists and happy poets. During the midst of this, St. Dominic was born in the year 1170 in the kingdom of Leon. His parents belonged to the nobility of the country, but were full of piety, and desired more to serve God than to enjoy those pleasures indulged in by the nobles. Nevertheless, St. Dominic by his birthright could have an exalted station in life and could
have lived a life of luxury and ease if he had so desired, but his were higher thoughts. His course of life seems to have been mapped out by a superior power even before his birth. This mode of life was to be in many respects similar to that led by Christ among the Jews. Even the birth of the saint had been attended by marvels. The mother had had a strange vision, which showed the coming child to be a powerful light, which was to enlighten the world, and almost similar was that vision which appeared to Dominic's godmother. It is then no small wonder that this happy course should turn out as it did.

Dominic lived at home until he was seven years of age, after which his education began. He received the usual education in his early years as was given to the children of good families of that time, which consisted mostly of classical Latin. Later he attended the school at Palencia. When he finished his studies at Palencia he studied theology for four years. During his school career he proved to be an exceptional student, and worked with an ardor which was not common to the other students. Besides he mixed with his fellow-students and became the object of their love and respect; but never for an instant did he fall into or adopt any of the vicious habits common to the students in those days. He was always conspicuous for the refinement of his habits and the discretion of his character. During this time he was also lavish with his charities. He even kept from himself the necessities of life in his love to give. Many instances of his self-sacrifice are still fresh in the memories of men. One time, it is said, he sold his books in order to do a charitable work, and even tried to sell himself for his neighbor.

Ever since the first half of the twelfth century heresy had been gaining power and spreading throughout Spanish countries. It had by this time become so firmly established and implanted in the country that it now possessed an organization of its own, and its hierarchy was opposing that of the Catholic Church. It was to battle with this dissenting that St. Dominic took himself to the country of the Albigenses. He entered this country where the heresy was in its fiercest form, and lived a life of abstinence and hardship which gradually gained for him the respect of the multitudes. He, in his endeavors to live a life pleasing to the Lord and a fit example for these destroyers of the faith, wore clothes lined with the coarsest of hair and scourged his flesh with an iron chain. He traveled barefoot from place to place preaching to the multitudes in order to drive out this heresy.

The subsequent story of his life needs not much retelling. A few years after this young mendicant had commenced to preach, his followers were numbered by the hundreds, and the number was continually growing. Everywhere God's Troubadours penetrated, living humbly and preaching God's word to all. At the time of Dominic's death, 1221, the Order numbered many thousands, and scattered throughout Europe were numerous monasteries, and everywhere their influence was felt as the strongest social force in Christendom.

All this had been accomplished by one man, and it was only accomplished by this one man's determinism. To accomplish his end in this world St. Dominic had used two weapons: one was the word of God and the other was sacrifice. In his life he aimed at the most exalted heights, and reached them because in him glowed the divine spark that lights the pathway of man towards a higher way of virtue. The lesson of his life is beautiful because it is the pure example of divine work. He gained much because he gave to all. His service to the world makes him known as one of the Church's greatest sons, and his devotion to the Church makes him known as one of the world's greatest saints.

A Prayer.

And a great sign appeared in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet; and on her head a crown of twelve stars.—Apoc. xii., 1.

T HE August moonlight silvers all the dome!
How many summers thus? What lifted eyes
That since have known beginning of their peace,
In gazing on one Face have gleaned this sight?
How many shall, when mine perchance have met
The fadeless Vision?
Pray God, until the moon
Is made the fixed footstool of Her feet
And all the stars, compact in golden twelve,
Shall gimmer deathless round Her perfect brow,
May Mary stand 'twixt heaven and Notre Dame.

L. C.
—On Sunday last, the University regulations were read in all the halls. The purpose of this is to show everyone right at the start just where he stands and what is expected of him. In a large institution like Notre Dame, the necessity of rules and discipline is apparent. No one lives for himself. Everyone has his duties to perform, and upon the performance of these individual tasks depends the harmonious working of the University. But while we acknowledge the necessity of rules and their observance, we must admit that at times it is difficult to obey. Yet not a day will ever come in life wherein we shall not be obliged to give practical demonstration to our belief in the necessity of law. For law comes from God, and every violation of law is aimed ultimately at the sovereignty of the great Law-Maker, even as every act of obedience is an indirect recognition of His authority.

—The purpose of the Scholastic is to be representative of the whole University. It desires to open its reading pages to the students of every department, its news columns to the students of every hall. There appears no reason why a comparatively small number should have to bear the burden of contributing articles week after week. Every course must have a score of young men, any of whom can turn in creditable work along their special lines of study. The Scholastic is not established for the benefit of English students only. Those who follow courses in history, law, engineering, economics, architecture are welcome to hand in their contributions, which, if up to the standard, will be gladly accepted. The paper will thus present a more varied table of contents and will prove of benefit to a larger number of students. Every week two or more courses could be represented by contributions, and as a result our weekly would prove of interest to a wider circle. Now that the Scholastic has expressed itself without any modifying clause, students who are really desirous for wider advantages will accept the invitation. Those who are not will probably continue to enjoy the luxury of fault-finding.

—Last year twenty-nine young Americans were killed in the great American game of football. One foolish boy climbed up among the electric wires to dislodge a football; another was run down by an automobile on the way to the game; another contracted pneumonia standing amid the cooling breezes of the sidelines—just a case of wearing summer clothes in the winter time; and yet another fell into an old well while making a hair-raising quarter-back run in one of our vacant-lot games. The new rules will stop all this. There will be no climbing up among electric wires because the flying tackle has been relegated to the background; there will be no poorly dressed youths shivering on the sidelines because this year there can be no pulling or shoving the man with the ball; there will be no would-be Eckeralls breaking their necks by falling into old wells, because the game is divided into four periods instead of two. And even the cigarette fiends, who get out for an afternoon's stroll on the paths of glory, will be secure because there will be three minutes' time given them between each quarter to "roll a pill". And so on down the line—the new rules will settle all. There will be no climbing up among electric wires because the flying tackle has been relegated to the background; there will be no poorly dressed youths shivering on the sidelines because this year there can be no pulling or shoving the man with the ball; there will be no would-be Eckeralls breaking their necks by falling into old wells, because the game is divided into four periods instead of two. And even the cigarette fiends, who get out for an afternoon's stroll on the paths of glory, will be secure because there will be three minutes' time given them between each quarter to "roll a pill." And so on down the line—the new rules will settle all. No, not all. Not until they regulate the speed of automobiles, not until they prevent summer clothes from being worn in the winter time, and force cigarette smokers to keep out of a game.
that is intended for men and boys who are mentally and physically fit to indulge in it. When all has been said and done, it simmers down to the same proposition as the old boarding house keeper’s different kinds of meat—ram, lamb, sheep or mutton. Cigarette smokers, poorly clad individuals and electric wire artists should keep away from the game. The new rules are not framed to meet their trouble. Brains, and not rules, are what they need. Football will still be a strenuous game. The ball is made of pig skin, hog skin or swine skin. Pay your money and take your choice.

—From one of our great state universities comes the report that students will be barred from participation in dramatic productions of plays of Ibsen and of the Ibsen in the Schools Ibsenesque type. This is good hard sense and good morals. Probably nothing has done more to injure the reputation of state schools, and deservedly so, than the natural system of philosophy practically advocated by them, a naturalism which adopts physical comfort and discomfort as the only regulators of conduct, and through which the plea of “art for art’s sake” reaps a harvest of poisoned minds and corrupted morals. The presentation of the so-called problem plays, plays dealing with questions of sex, by young people, particularly by students of coeducation institutions, can only by a miracle be saved from disastrous results. If education is to fill its proper function and train good citizens, and good fathers and mothers of families, it must certainly avoid the contamination of the Ibsenesque.

—Apropos of the recent monster procession of the various Holy Name societies in Pittsburg as a protest against profanity, a word on that subject is pertinent. The Decalogue versus Utilitarianism like every other faculty and appetite possessed by man, is capable of being abused. In a narrow sense, the abuse of some injures only the abuser, while the abuse of others has a harmful effect upon public morality. To this latter class belongs abuse of speech, or those expressions embraced under the term profanity. There are those who attribute the use of profane words to a shallow vocabulary and who, though they deprecate such a degree of ignorance, see in the practice nothing more objectionable than in other forms of current vulgarity. With such as would on this account substitute for the second commandment of the Decalogue a positive command of perhaps more “social utility,” we can not of course agree. Little justification, indeed, would there be to a prohibition of profanity if condemned by the standard of social inutility merely. We protest against profanity, not so much because it may shock the delicate sensibilities of women and children, not so much because it may be a mark of ignorance and vulgarity, but because it is unworthy of a rational being and a direct and impudent affront to God Himself.

—The seniors have gone about their class organization in a dignified manner and have shown the other classes a worthy example by a judicious choice of The Senior Elections officials. Without desiring to become personal we may well congratulate the seniors. The election this year was refreshingly free from politics, which too often mars such class events. And the harmony which marked this initial meeting of the class of 1911 has been characteristic of that organization from the start. As a rule, it is not an easy matter to subordinate or harmonize personal opinion in a large gathering of young men, but in this case it has been done with remarkable success. The SCHOLASTIC joins in the general expression of congratulation and good wishes for a successful senior year for the class of 1911.

—There are twenty-four hours in every day. For some people these twenty-four become forty and seem like five; for others the five hours which constitute their day drag along like sixty. The best way to use time is to kill it, and the best way to kill time is choke it to death. The man who performs three tasks at the same time will never look up at the clock and yawn. The man who is always going to do, rarely does much. The present is the best tense of the verb work; the future is the tense of the boy who puts off his problems in algebra till tomorrow morning. Cultivate the present tense.
Religious Opening Last Sunday.

The solemn religious opening of the school year took place last Sunday at 8 o'clock. Members of the Faculty appeared in the academic procession in cap and gown and with the Senior Class occupied the front pews during the religious services. Solemn mass was sung by Rev. Vice-President Crumley, assisted by Rev. M. A. Schumacher, Director of Studies, as deacon and by Rev. Joseph Burke, Prefect of Discipline, as subdeacon. The Holy Cross Seminary choir rendered the music of the mass in a most acceptable manner. The event of the day was the President's opening sermon. Father Cavanaugh's discourse took some forty-five minutes in the delivery, and the speaker wasted no time over oratorical pauses. Distinction of phrase was eclipsed only by earnestness of appeal. Speaking of opportunities, Father Cavanaugh said: "Two things have impressed me sadly in my work. One is the great number of poor boys who feel the stirrings of talent and ambition within them, who stretch out their arms from farm and factory beseeching opportunity. The other is a large number of reluctant sons of rich men who can not be induced to make use of the advantages that are forced upon them... The father who says to his son, 'My son, I have toiled late and early and have accumulated wealth in order that you may never have to work as hard as I did,' is doing a serious injustice to his boy. He should rather say: 'I have labored faithfully in order that you may secure the best possible education, so that strengthened, and fortified, working hard as I have done, your labor may be fruitful for yourself and for the world.'"

Notable passages from the sermon might be inserted without limitation. The pity is that space prevents our giving more extended quotation. Well-measured optimism, experienced words of warning, practical suggestions for the life and conduct of the student,—all this, meted out with rare grace of language, puts last Sunday's sermon among the finest of these annual messages.

Military Drill.

Upon the application of the President of the University, Capt. R. R. Stogsdall, U. S. Army, has been detailed by the War Department as Professor of Military Science and Tactics at Notre Dame. Capt. Stogsdall has been in the military service of the government for more than twenty years, including his cadetship of four years at West Point. Under certain rules and regulations the government furnishes the University with modern service rifles, bayonets, cartridge-boxes, waist belts, gallery and range targets, ammunition for rifle practice, sabres and swords for cadet officers and non-commissioned staff officers, haversacks, canteens, etc.

The course of instruction offers a variety of exercise which hold interest while harmoniously developing the body. It requires the closest attention, and the beneficial effects resulting from it are marked. Military training requires respectful obedience. This does not in any sense mean a machine-like servility. Respectful subordination is not inconsistent with the broadest conception any American may have of independence and liberty. A young man who has learned the lesson of being uniformly respectful in his manner, who properly subordinates himself to authority, is a subject for congratulation.

A course in rifle shooting, aiming and pointing, use of sights, etc., will be given; gallery practice with the special government rifle, firing 22 calibre bullets, and finally real rifle practice on the range are also included.

The government requires theoretical and practical instruction in the military art. It is highly desirable and important that battalion of cadets be organized without delay and that it attain a measure of efficiency before the annual inspection during the month of April. The time is short—there is much to be accomplished. Every student desiring to enter upon the work of military drill should hand in his name at once.

Infirmary Don'ts.

Don't lie on the grass.
Don't rush to class in a heated condition.
Don't take violent exercise during the after-dinner recreation.
Don't sit in a draft inviting a cold.
Don't play sick when you're well.
Don't play well when you're sick.
Class Elections.

SENIORS.

On Friday, September 23, the members of the class of 1911 met in the law room of Sorin Hall to elect officers for their senior year. The result of the election was as follows. President, John C. Tully; Vice-President, Francis J. Wenninger; Secretary, George Washburn (re-elected); Treasurer, John H. Mullin; Poet, Thomas A. Lahey; Historian, Herbert Keeffe; Sergeant-at-Arms, Joseph Charles Goddyne. A class-pin committee, composed of Wm. Heyl, John Romana and Elmo Funk, was appointed by President Tully. On the resignation of Mr. Funk as business manager of the 1911 Dome, Leo J. Fish was chosen unanimously to succeed him. The remarkable feature of the senior election was the absolute harmony which characterized the proceedings, and which has marked all the proceedings of this class since its freshman organization. All of the offices were unsought, and in most cases they were thrust upon men reluctant to receive the honors. President Tully has announced his intention to resign, as his other duties at the University greatly restrict his time. This is his second term as President of the class; he is Grand Knight of Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus, member of the Board of Editors of the Scholastic, correspondent for several metropolitan newspapers and assistant instructor in mathematics, besides carrying the full work of the senior year in electrical engineering. It is hoped, however, that he will reconsider his intention and will lead the class this year.

JUNIORS.

The third annual election meet of the class of '12 was held in Sorin law room last Monday night. When the dust had cleared away after the first race, the judges proclaimed Russell G. Finn winner. He accepted his prize, the presidency, briefly, saying that these races were all well enough in their way, but after all, only incidental, and that the class had bigger business on hand in which all must pull together. The second race was as exciting as the first, with Al. Keys the victor and the vice-presidency the prize. In the third contest, Curran ambled in first, and received the office of secretary. The fourth race had to be run twice, the first attempt resulting in a tie. Weeks made a "safe" finish in the second trial, however, and was accordingly made treasurer. He declared himself surprised and delighted at the confidence reposed in him. The next two races were conceded to Lange and Carroll, neither of whom had a competitor. Lange was made class artist, and Carroll class poet. The last contest, the prize for which was the office of sergeant-at-arms, nearly resulted in a riot. At first there were several competitors, but all dropped out except Carmo Dixon and Rubio. Then such intense partisanship was displayed that President Finn ordered the affair postponed until the next meeting. Rev. Father Schumacher was invited to become class chaplain. Certain arrangements were made in the way of preparing for the "Junior Hop," and then the exciting affair came to a close.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, NO. 1477.

Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus held its first bi-weekly meeting of the scholastic year Wednesday evening, September 28, in the assembly room of Walsh Hall. The following officers were elected: Financial Secretary, Peter Meersman, vice Joseph P. Reis, resigned; Trustee, Edward P. Cleary, vice Rev. T. Murphy, resigned; Inner and Outer Guards, Thomas Havican and Elmo Funk vice Peter Meersman and Thomas Cleary respectively. James B. Sherlock was appointed lecturer to take the place of Leo J. Cleary. The following committees were appointed by Grand Knight Tully: Sick Committee: Henry J. Kuhle, John Costello and John Mullin; Columbus Day Committee: James D. Nolan, John F. O'Hara and Patrick Barry; Committee on New Quarters: Rev. M. A. Quinlan, Henry J. Myers and Elmer J. Brentgarter. The meeting was attended by a large number of South Bend Knights, and the members of the local council were asked to co-operate with them in a bazaar, commencing Oct. 12, to be given in the interests of a new home fund. District Deputy Weber, Grand Knight Stoeckley and Deputy Grand Knight Hiss of the South Bend Council addressed the meeting. J. A. Smith of the Bazaar Committee gave some inside information regarding the proposed features of the bazaar circus. The first meeting of the year was very successful, and it is expected that the interest manifested will be sustained through the year.
Personal.

—Mr. D. E. Cartier (B. S. '92) was a welcome guest of the University during the past week.
—John McDill Fox (A. B. '09), one of the pioneers of Old College, was a visitor to the University recently.
—Charles H. Nies (Pharmacy 1900) is Democratic candidate to represent St. Joseph County in the state legislature. Charlie is the kind of man that should win.
—James A. Dubbs (C. E. '06) is assistant chief engineer of the Cleveland Division, Great Lakes Dredge & Dock Co. His address is 1630 Williamson Bldg., Cleveland, O.
—Louis J. Salmon (C. E. '05), one of the greatest full-backs ever representing Notre Dame on the football field, is working for the Subway Construction Co. of New York.
—Joseph F. Rebillot, graduate Commercial course 1890, is Secretary Board of Water Works, Canton, Ohio. He is running for County Treasurer of Stock Co. on the Democratic ticket.
—Frederico Caceres, who received an E. E. degree from the University last term, is with the Automatic Telephone Company of Chicago, Ill. A. Duarte, who completed the short course in Electrical Engineering in '09, is also with the same Company.
—Rev. James C. Walsh, pastor of St. Michael's Church, Providence, R. I., was a guest of Rev. Wm. R. Connor of the Novitiate for several days last week. Father Walsh was on route to Buffalo, N. Y., where he went to attend the Hibernian convention to be held there.
—Mr. A. Sheldon Clark, student of St. Edward's Hall '88-90, visited his Alma Mater September 11th and entered his son Sheldon as a Minim. Mr. Clark is Vice-President and General Manager of the firm of Callaghan & Co., Bookellers and Publishers. Address, 114 Monroe St., Chicago.

We observe the announcement that Edward J. Cannon, George M. Ferris, Charles E. Swan and Thomas A. E. Lally have formed a partnership for the general practice of Law under the firm name of Cannon, Ferris, Swan & Lally, with offices in the Hypotheek bank building, 120 Wall St., Spokane, Washington. We wish the new firm a large measure of success. How can it fail with Tom Lally in it?

Calendar.

Sunday, Oct. 2—Rosary Sunday, Procession.
Band practice after mass.
Brownson Literary Society.
Monday, Oct. 3—Orchestra practice 7 o'clock.
Staff meeting 1 p. m.
Civil Engineering Society.
Philopatrian Society.
Thursday, Oct. 6—Band practice after mass.
First Friday Confessions, 7 o'clock.
Friday, Oct. 7—First Friday.
Saturday, Oct. 8.—Football game, Olivet vs. N. D. Cartier Field.

Local Items.

—Dogma classes started with a full attendance Monday morning.
—Sorin expects to put a team on the field, but not much else.
—Chemistry hall is crowded to the door. No more room left.
—The attention of the newcomer is drawn to the "Keep-off-the-grass" sign.
—Phonograph weighing machine—"Wonsistifi." Tom Howley—"How many?"
—Don't forget the Staff meeting next Monday at 1 p. m., room 21, Main Building.
—Students who have the talent or desire for music should be present at band rehearsals.
—The experiment with white sand filling on the walks of the quadrangle seems to be a success.
—The University regulations were read in the several halls by President Cavanaugh during the week.
—Chances on the automobile to be raffled off at the Knights of Columbus bazaar in South Bend are on sale at room 241, Sorin.
—Every Catholic student should get a pair of beads in order to observe properly the month of the Holy Rosary which begins to-day.
—The class in Irish History was reorganized this week. The class will be held at 4:30 Tuesdays and Fridays during the entire year.
—Most of the new men have already fallen into that good habit of the old men of not smoking in front of the Main Building or residence halls.
—Homesickness has about worn off, and the
reports of serious, possibly fatal accidents during tank scraps and flag rushes at other schools call for a little self-congratulation at Notre Dame.

—Answer to a correspondent: That heap of dirt at the end of the street-car line is not intended to grow flowers but to stop the streetcars for gossiping motormen.

—The SCHOLASTIC owns a new twenty-five hundred dollar monotype machine with a universal keyboard. Hand in your subscription and help us to pay for these additions.

—Bobbie Case of Walsh Hall is writing an eight-act tragedy of 167,000 words. The play will be staged in the open, so the actors may escape without hindrance. The scene is laid in Iceland. Several cold-blooded murders occur.

—"Judge" Buckley is ready to resume his position as foster-father to the freshman classes of this year. He has been out with the soothing unction and the joyous hand shake early and late, and has visited every place except Bulla hall and the undertaker's shop.

—The National Cash Register Company of Dayton, Ohio, have set up one of their most perfect registers in the Treasurer's Office. The machine is curiously complicated in structure but remarkably simple in operation. The register is a gift to the University and the SCHOLASTIC returns best thanks.

—The ex-Carrolls of 1910 met for the first time Wednesday night and elected officers for the ensuing year. Father Irving was chosen guardian angel, Mr. Cecil Birder, pilot, Mr. John Fordyce secretary of state and Mr. William Bensberg secretary of war. The organization promises to be unique in many respects.

—One of our representatives to the city press wrote of the Knights of Columbus meeting last Wednesday as a meeting of the Knights of Pythias. Another paper had it that a council of the Knights of Columbus was to be formed on that same evening. These young journalists have a facility in getting things mixed, if we may say so without offense,—which is expecting a great deal.

—Secret practice on the football field has done some measure of good in developing interhall teams, for instead of watching a tussle from the sidelines the young enthusiasts get out and kick a ball around for their own benefit and amusement. Walsh hall has already had a few games and expects to push Corby to serious efforts this year.

—The following Managers have been appointed to take charge of athletic activities in the various Halls: "Curly" Nowers in Brownson, Paul Barsaloux in Sorin, Hugh Daly in Walsh, "Tommy" Ford in St. Joseph and Earl Loeb in Carroll. No one has yet been appointed to succeed Walter Duncan in Corby, but the vacancy will doubtless be filled by next week.

—Last Sunday the Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its first regular meeting. The following officers were elected: W. Cotter, president; F. O'Connell, vice-president; R. Scott, secretary; P. Byrne, treasurer; H. Carroll, sergeant-at-arms; G. Marshall, reporter. Rev. P. J. Carroll accepted the position of chaplain and critic. At the next meeting new members will be voted into the Society. The prospects for a very successful year are bright.

—In the first meeting of the Philopatrian Society, held last Wednesday evening, the following officers were chosen: George Lucas, president; Earl Loeb, vice-president; Jay Turner, recording secretary; George Clark, corresponding secretary; Milton Mann, treasurer; James Brophy, sergeant-at-arms. An interesting program was arranged for the next meeting. Arrangements were also made for an outing Thursday, which will no doubt be a great pleasure to those who are fortunate enough to be members of the society.

—Professor John Worden is deserving of all kinds of appreciation for his fine Notre Dame spirit. His latest enterprise is the organization of a Notre Dame society among the South Bend students now at the University. The purpose of the organization is to create a rousing varsity spirit in the neighboring city where at present a number of graduates reside. It is expected that every alumnus living in the city will become a member of this organization which should prove the beginning of a closer association between the city and the University.

Athletic Notes.

FIRST SCRIMMAGE.

As a means of stimulating the interest of the football candidates Coach Longman ordered a scrimmage for last Tuesday. The first team worked under the leadership of "Billie" Ryan
who again assumed the position at quarter which he held on the team two years ago.
Considerable interest was manifested in the manner in which the men would work out under the new rules. After an interesting struggle on the part of both teams the Varsity retired with its first victory of the year, the Scrubs going down to the tune of 10-3. This score was made possible only on account of a fumble on the part of the second team which resulted in Feeney going over for the second touchdown. Clippenger, a strong candidate for a position in the backfield, had the honor of first scoring on the scrubs when he carried the ball over on an end run from the twenty-yard line. The contest fully demonstrate that the men are not as yet in fit condition for real hard work. Matthews, who has been working at quarter, suffered an injury to his hip the latter part of the first week, but has been out in his suit every day.

THE NEW RULES.
The different football contests which were scheduled for last Saturday were watched with uncommon interest, for it was expected that much would be shown as to the effect which the new rules would have on the game. It is unfortunate that at this time of the season the contests held are between teams of such unlike ability that nothing really important revealed itself. The big teams are using the smaller teams for getting a little extra practice, the result being that the contests are, as a rule, very one-sided. The only surprise of the occasion was Pennsylvania's defeat at the hands of Ursinus. The latter team won its game, however, by better all-around work and not by any advantages which the rules may afford the weaker aggregations. The next few weeks will show whether the changes are for the better or not.

CROSS COUNTRY WORK.
Last June Coach Maris took a small band of seven men to Champaign, Ill., to compete in the biggest thing in the way of an annual track meet that is held in the West, the Collegiate Conference. As compared with the teams of the other big schools Notre Dame's squad was miserably small. In this instance our team overcame in strength and ability what it was lacking in numbers, and proved the one big surprise of the athletic year. But we must not hope to be always so fortunate. In order that we have Conference winning teams it is absolutely necessary that the whole student body get behind the project and lend their every assistance. We can not expect to sit idly by and allow a handful of men to get out and place the name of Notre Dame high above that of every other school for efficiency along this line of athletics. It is necessary that we have unusual interest in this work, and having such put it into concrete form. Every man in the University should find time to get out and compete for a position on some one of our teams. At the present time a call is out for men to start cross-country work. It is a matter of much encouragement that quite a number have heeded the call and are daily working under the direction of Coach Maris, but there is room for a much larger number than has appeared up to date. It is now up to every man who ever had the ambition to do track work to get out and get the benefit which must surely come of this work. Cross-country running is a most excellent preparation for the indoor work which will begin in a few weeks. To the new men especially should this work appeal. Put aside all doubts as to your abilities, for there never was a star track man who reached that position by a single bound. They all had to get out for the first time, and they all had to take many defeats before being able to breast the tape a winner. Get acquainted with Coach Maris immediately and let him set you to work. You'll be a better man by the time the Christmas vacation comes around for having done it.

THURSDAY'S SCRIMMAGE.
After a preliminary tackling, punting and passing practice, Coach Longman put the squad through a thirty minutes' scrimmage last Thursday. The game was straight football, no forward passes or trick-plays being used. The scrubs put up a plucky resistance, and, at times, on the offence made short gains. The Varsity, however, was able to score five touchdowns, W. Ryan, Clippinger, Williams, Dimmick and Bergman, being the men who did the work. Billy Ryan's work was especially good until his removal from the line was necessitated by his wrenching his knee. It is thought that the injury will not keep him from work, however. The scrimmage was viewed by a large and interested crowd of students despite the fact that it was Thursday afternoon.